

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

*Lord.* The King and Queene and all are comming downe.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lo. d.* The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you goe to play.

*Ham.* Shee well instructs me,

*Hora.* You will loose my Lord.

*Ham.* I doe not thinke so, since hee went into France, I haue bin in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

*Hora.* Nay good my Lord.

*Ham.* It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of game-giuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

*Hora.* If your mind dislike any thing, obay it. I will forestall their repaire hether and say you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit we desie augury, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it bee not now, yet it will come, the readines is all, since no man of ought hee leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let bee.

*A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and Officers with Cushions, King, Queene, and all the state Foiles, Daggers, and Laertes.*

*King.* Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

*Ham.* Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong, But pardon'r as you are a Gentleman, this presence knowes, And you must needs haue heard, how I am punisht With a sore distraction: what I haue done

That might your nature, honor, and exception Roughly awake I heere proclaime was madnes, Wait *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*. If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,

And when hee's not himselfe, doo's wrong *Laertes*,

Then *Hamlet* doo's it not, *Hamlet* denies it,

Who dooes it then? his madnes. Ist be so,

*Hamlet* is of the faction that is wronged,

His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemy,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,

Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts

That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house

And

*Prince of Denmarke*

And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in nature, Whose motiue in this case should stirre me To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of h I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilment Till by some elder Maisters of knowne h I haue a voyce and president of peace To my name vngor'd; but all that time I doe receiue your offerd loue, like loue, And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely, and will this frankly play.

Giue vs the foiles.

*Laer.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest

Stick fiery of indeed, *Laer.* You mocke me sir,

*Ham.* No by this hand.

*King.* Giue them the foiles young *O* You know the wager,

*Ham.* Very well my Lord: Your grace has layde the ods a'th weal

*King.* I doe not feare it, I haue seen But since he is better, we haue therefor

*Laer.* This is to heauy: let me see

*Ham.* This likes me well, these foile

*Ostr.* I my good Lord.

*King.* Set me the stoores of wine v If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange

Let all the battlements their ordnance

The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* bet

And in the cup an Onixe shall he thro

Richer then that which foure successiue

In Denmarke's Crowne haue worne

And let the kettle to the trumpet spee

The trumpet to the Cannoneere with

The Cannons to the heauens, the hea